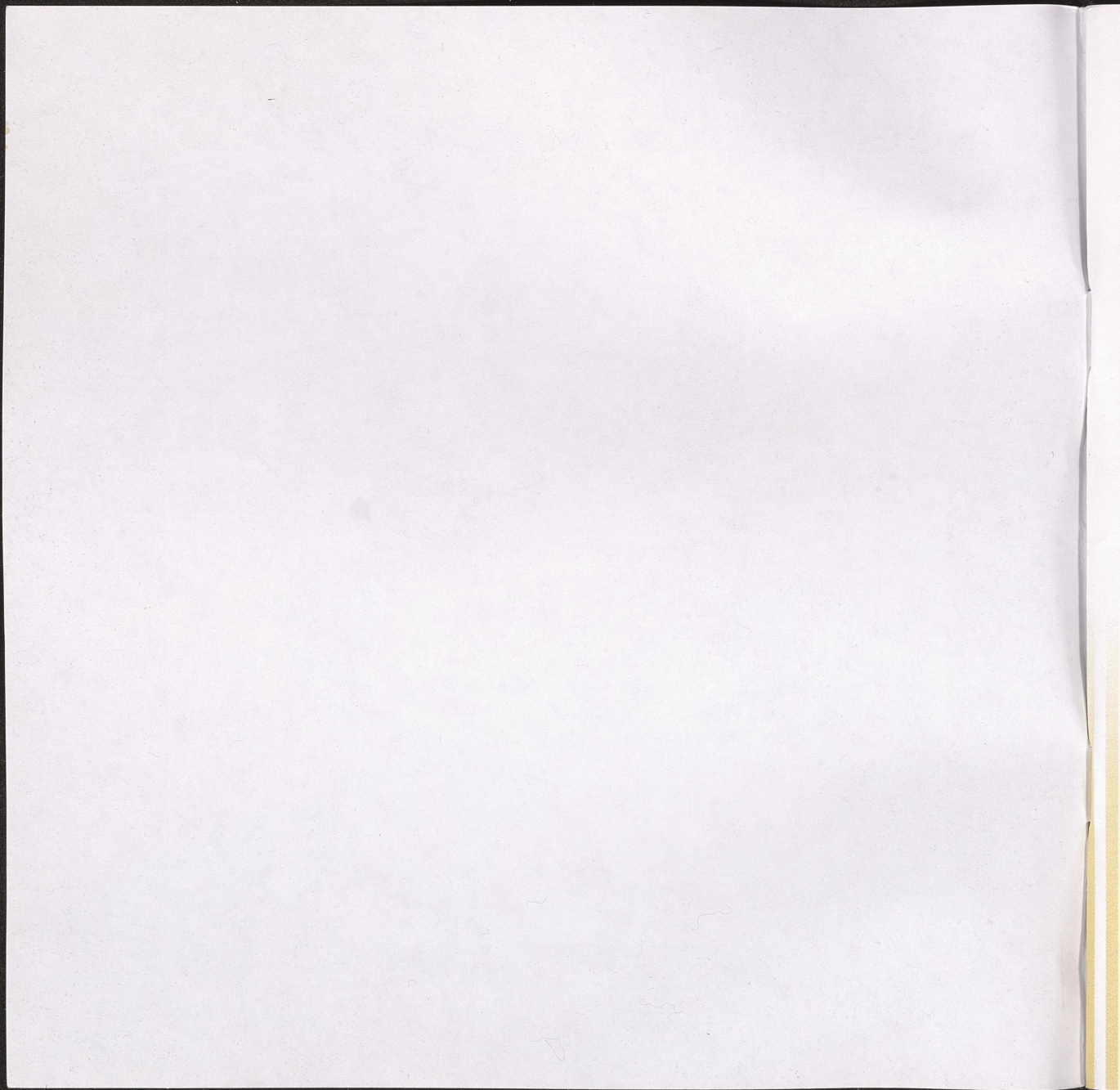


Hallmarks 2005

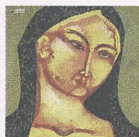
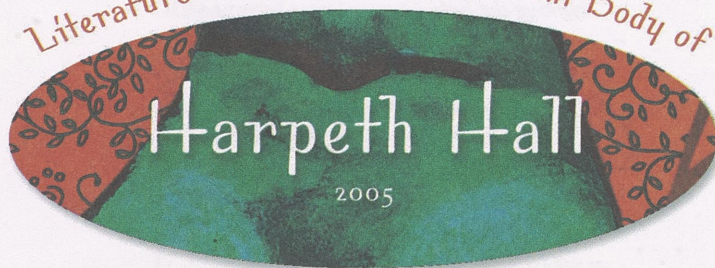


The Harpeth Hall School



Silent as They Are



Literature & Art from the Student Body of



"Jezebel"



by
Claire Berry

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Lauren McKinney

Heritage



Summer Stars

Victoria Schwab

I was born in summer —
The only star, my mother used to say
I had my own room, my own four walls,
My own two windows, my own ceiling.

One morning my father left at dawn, came back
With his arms full of little plastic stars, the kind
That glow at night. He worked all day,
Behind closed doors.
When the sun finally fell, he turned off the lights
And the three of us sat on my bed, staring up
At summer constellations.
In the dark that night I smiled.

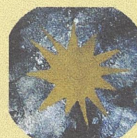
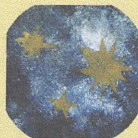
My parents gave me everything.
Indulged me, taught me, loved me,

When they had given me all else,
They had put the stars within my reach.

Night after night, I'd stand on my bed
And reach. Jump and stretch and try to touch
My sky. In time the stars began to fall.
One by one they'd lose their stick. At first,
I couldn't reach. My dad would put them up
Where they belonged, overhead.

But one day, when a star fell in my lap,
I stood on tiptoes, and put it back.
That day in the light I smiled.

My parents gave me everything.





Claire Berry

My Sister

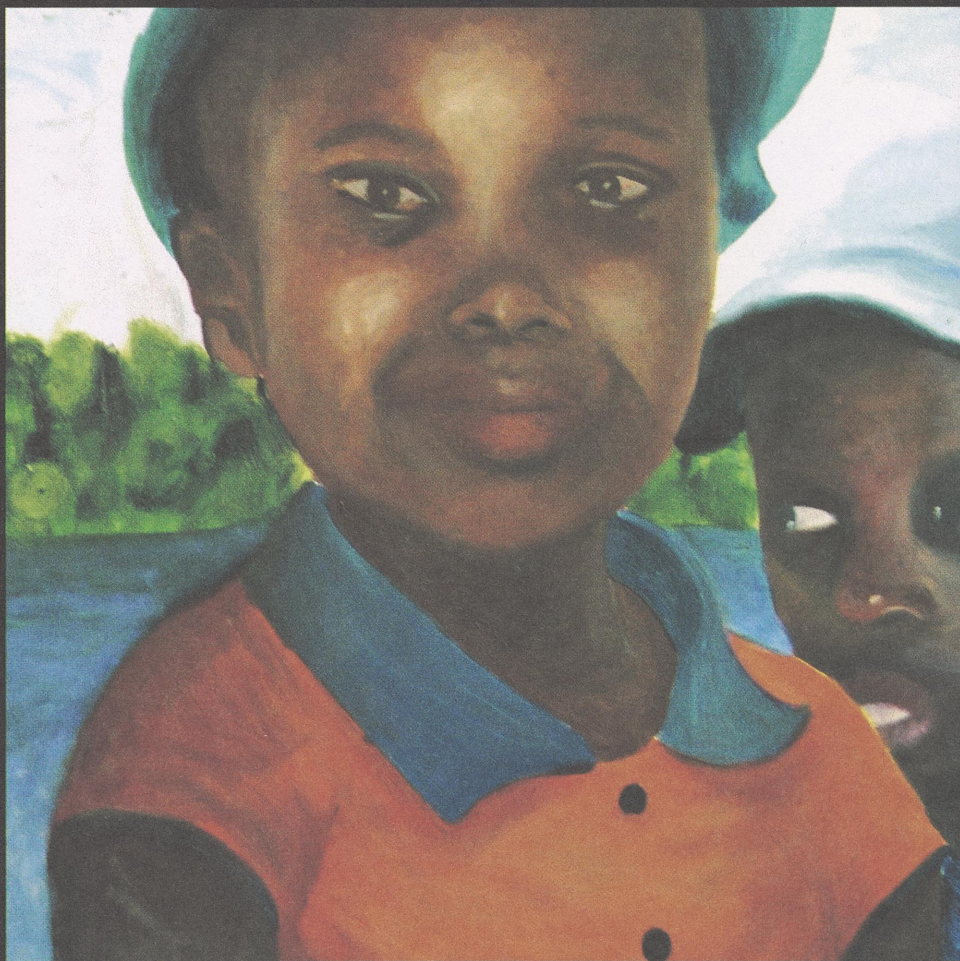
The One with the Doll-like Face

Tobi Lee

I would always complain that she got more attention: my sister with the doll face. When we were little, we used to pretend that we were goddesses, gallivanting around the house. She always had this beautiful smile; her face, with dimples and with that smile, seemed like she had all the secrets of the world tucked inside her heart. My sister. She was born with the beautiful features, while I was the ugly duckling. Her face, chocolaty brown with bright eyes and the smile with dimples, reminded me of those princesses in Africa my grandfather used to talk about. Were they as beautiful as my sister ever was? I could not imagine. I looked upon her one day and realized that God had blessed her tremendously. And ten years later, my sister, the one with the doll-like

face, lay down peacefully, and never woke up. They put her in the coffin, a soft white textured coffin, and when I went to the morgue to make sure she looked like she had once looked before, they opened the coffin, and I smiled as I said, "Her dimples are still there." My sister with the doll like face had a smile on, not just the ordinary smile she wore, but this one was special: like she knew she would lay down and never wake up, so she wanted to make her last smile extra beautiful. I envied her, and I still do. I loved her, and I still do. But something has changed: I long for her now more than I ever longed for that doll-like face in the past. My sister. Her doll face. Prettier than the princesses of Africa.





Beth Ward

My Grandmother

Kelly Diehl

Sarah, Agnes, Mabel, Mother are my Grandmother.

Many things to many people,
Who know her blue-gray eyes and pretty smile,
Her know-how clothes and paper skin.

She knows her place, she does her work, she keeps the peace

With a drawling voice and steady hands.

Hands that put on the fake eyelashes,
That make each handmade card and gift.

Agnes, the voice of years gone by,

Mabel is teased for her expressions,

Sarah entertains with elegance and ease,

And Mother, as I've heard her called the most.

I inherited her saucer eyes that see the smallest things.

The bat of an eye, a corner's twitch —

A gift to make you all smiles.

I will read and watch with you forever.





Kelly Diehl

The Only Rainforest in Alabama

Taylor Sitzler

"I'm Mary-Kaylor. And don't say it the wrong way," she said. My name is Taylor. No one has ever mispronounced it. I couldn't think of a second pronunciation for "Kaylor." Everyone must know how to say "Mary," I thought. Especially in the Bible Belt. "I'll try not to," I replied.

I met her in the summer. She had freshly-minted freckles sprinkled across the bridge of her nose like cinnamon on a graham cracker and more calluses on her feet than I thought possible. Mary-Kaylor didn't believe in shoes. Or soap. She believed that God had provided children with swimming pools to save them from nightly baths, and so her blonde hair was never washed more than once a week. When it turned green from over-exposure to chlorine she announced that she was turning into a mermaid. She wondered how I got to be so old without knowing that mermaids had green hair. "Ariel doesn't count. Disney movies aren't real," she explained. At nine years old, Mary-Kaylor Menephee had an explanation for everything.

I was sitting on my front porch when she told

me that she was ready to go. I looked up from my book. "Let's go," she repeated. "Hurry up, slow-poke. I'm taking you on an adventure."

People don't go on adventures in Monroeville. There are no magic-carpet rides, no secret rendezvous. Monroeville is the kind of town where the opening of a Burger King is big news and all the gas stations are still full service. If you meet a stranger on the street, you can bet that he plays bridge with your granddaddy on Tuesdays or that he used to date your Aunt Clyde or your cousin Mary-Brooke. The gossip mill is all dried up. Neighborhoods are dotted with "For Sale" signs, the vestiges of families who went in search of shopping malls and jobs with "upward mobility."

Mary-Kaylor wanted nothing to do with department stores or development. Monroeville was a jungle, full of possibilities and promises. Our adventure was about to begin.

She rode her mountain-bike into town and I walked alongside. It wasn't really a mountain-bike, but I was careful not to tell that to

Mary-Kaylor. It wasn't really a town, either. Just a square, lined with dark store-fronts and unlit signs. The courthouse, Monroeville's pride, sagged in the center. Mary-Kaylor had seen a cowboy on the steps of that courthouse last week, she said. He was on his way to the Winn-Dixie parking lot, where there was going to be a duel. "Honestly, all that school business and they didn't tell you that this town is haunted? I see ghosts here all the time," she declared. To Mary-Kaylor, Monroeville was a deserted Gold Rush town. She did not pine for JC Penney's or Walgreen's. An abandoned saloon was much more exciting than a Star-buck's, after all.

When we got to the woods, Mary-Kaylor ran from tree to tree, tearing neon-orange tags from the bark. I didn't tell her that those trees would probably be cut, tag or no tag. We were in the rainforest, she explained. She had to

protect endangered wildlife from developers and game-hunters. Of course I didn't see quetzals, toucans, anacondas, or sloths. They were hiding. "I would hide too," she declared, "if there were people trying to shoot me."

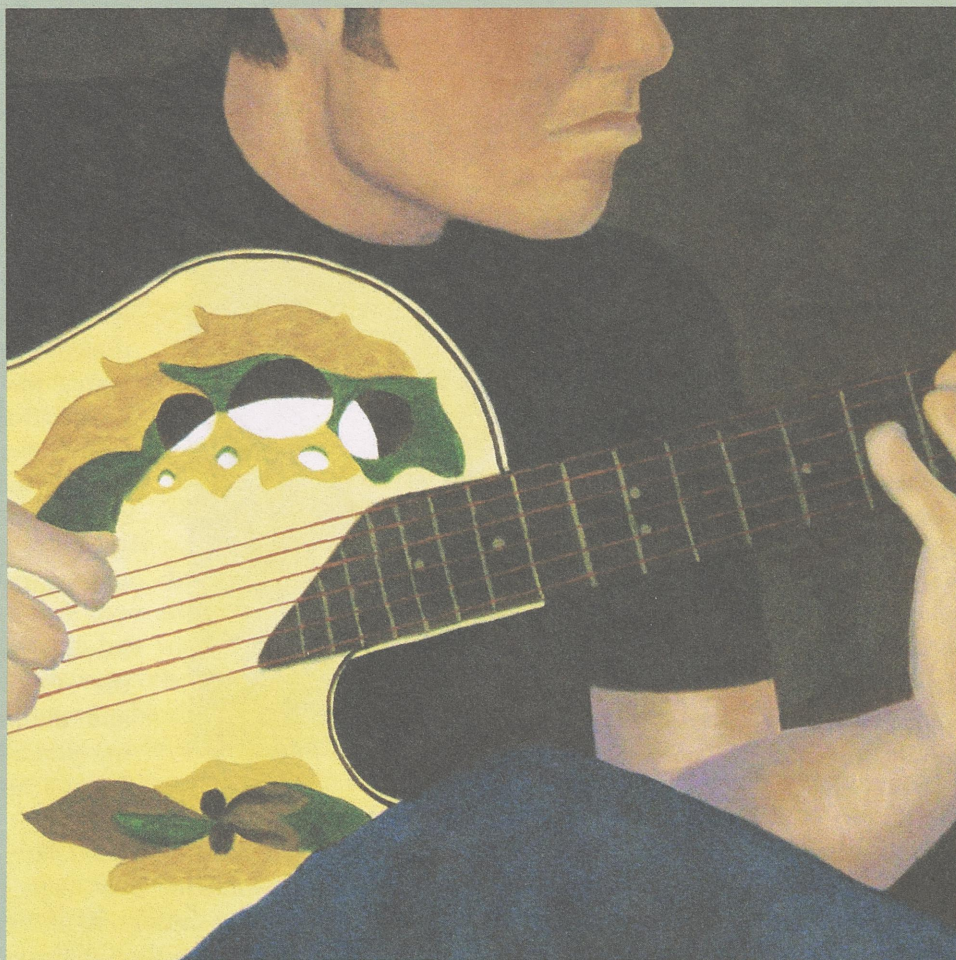
I left Mary-Kaylor in the rainforest. She needed to care for a wounded jaguar, but did not know if it would take kindly to a stranger. I thanked her for letting me come on her adventure. "Don't sweat it," she told me. She trusted me. After all, I always said her name right.

I walked through the Old West and returned to my porch swing. I could not help but laugh. Mon-

roeville is an exit off the interstate, a dot on a map. I wondered how many people had driven right on through it, never knowing that they had seen the California Gold Country and the Brazilian rainforest.



Beth Ward



Mary Ross Bryant

Muses

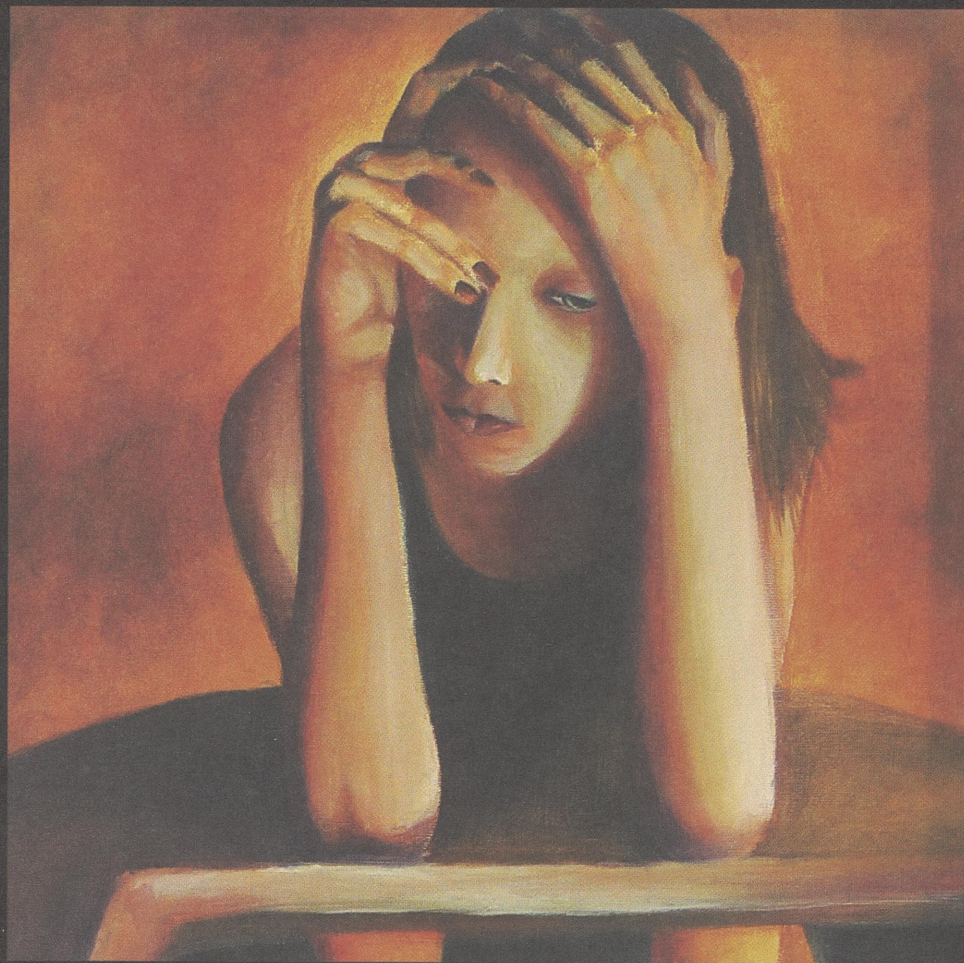


Block

Claire Berry

I cannot write tonight.
My mind is clear, save for
The old thoughts,
Crackling around,
Dry leaves,
Curled in on themselves,
Little infinities.
I am impotent,
I am sick to my spirit
When I cannot write.
Perhaps tomorrow night
If by then
The universe may shrink enough
To be caught in my net.





Whitney Hayden

Drops of Yourself

Whitney Downs

Drops of yourself splatter the page
Their indelible imprints grow deeper with age
On conformity their identities war will wage
But alas will never win.

Your hand slides gently across the black
Sealing in substance that sustains the attack
Though sincerity and truth they hardly lack
They are judged to be too thin.

So beneath the light the words will dwell
And as caverns connect, they silently tell
Of the glorious day they will finally quell
The insistence to keep them within.

But 'til then revolution is demurely delayed
It watches society win every game played
But only by failure is the foundation laid
And salvation must follow sin





Lindsay Pratt

Words Repair

Shelby Bridwell

The knuckles are bruised,
The hands cracked and bleeding,
Yet the pencil still scratches
Despite the pain.
The words heal the open wounds,
Words repair the flesh
Into scabs ready to be picked and opened again.
Old wounds beget new wounds,
And the quotidian succession encircles indefinitely.





Kristin Wamp

a poem by
Shelby Bridwell

Cool and smooth to the touch, I love the way you feel. I press my thumbs into you and your grip keeps me in. My hands embrace your firm supple flesh and mold you into the shape of imagination. I pinch and squeeze, devising new form. You are what I create. You are my masterpiece. Clay.





Mary Fowler Howell



Mary Ross Bryant

Identity



Pretty and Beautiful

Victoria Schwab

Pretty things break,
Are mourned as a loss
Not worth repair,
Only seen for their cost.

The beautiful things
Can break but will mend
In hearts that will cherish
And hands that will tend.

Held close, like oaths spoken,
To the heart and the mind
Though shattered and broken,
Not by time left behind

As the pretty things stay
Wherever they fall
Loved by so few
And forgotten by all.





Tricia Ritter

On Passion

Grace Wright

The world is filled with terrors, and humanity with sin,
Sometimes all the flowers wilt, songs choke and won't begin,
But ever is life's power there, ever is it strong,
In dead roses beauty, and in sweet silence song.

Within us all does passion lie, raging like a fire,
And when extinguished does it become, our positions are most dire,
To live with only two gasping lungs, without a beating heart,
Is not to truly live at all, but to wander dead, apart.





Sarah Baker

Cuando soy yo

Alexandra Guillen

Cuando soy yo, soy yo de verdad

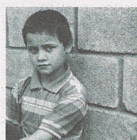
Cuando soy yo, estoy riendo
Estoy riendo al mundo
Estoy riendo con la gente del mundo
Estoy riendo por risas

Cuando soy yo, soy una celebridad
Soy la música favorita de la gente
Soy una cómica que puede curar depresión
Soy una caminante de las alfombras rojas
Soy una bailadora de pantallas platas

Cuando soy yo, estoy invencible
Soy irrompible
Soy inmejorable
Soy intocable

¡Cuando soy yo, soy perfecta!
No puedo hacer mal

Cuando yo proclamo, "Soy yo,"
Soy yo de verdad





Lindy Johnson

I'll Call You before Midnight

Becca Hill



"I'm in a room of yellow," I say,
and still it's the same, but

what if I said it was not that yellow of
the sun but of the moon

(and all the windows are their own constellations)

?





Melissa McCord

Noise

Whitney Downs

Noise. That's all it was. Useless, unadulterated noise. The intensity dripped from her eyes as the openings and closings of her mouth became more frequent. The faster and louder she talked, the more senseless her words became. Just words. No beliefs, truths, or even images, just words. They are worthless when repeated. She could only repeat. She didn't know what she was saying, and she didn't care that I didn't know what she was saying. All she wanted was to make noise. Noise is the most beautiful capability of a human, but also the most detrimental. The words she used were detrimental. As she threw them out, I became sick. Though physically I was well, something inside of me felt like it was being dragged across broken glass. The glass between her and me seemed to thicken and color, just as the words she used became tired and gray. Being tired is a good thing, I think. If I never got tired, I wouldn't know what its like to be rejuvenated. Renewal is not simply the reawakening of the dormant expression inside, but rather the lulling to sleep of the conditions that cause us to falter. She was faltering now, sensing the hint of disinterest in the way I shifted my weight. Every time I shifted my weight, she looked at me as if I were crippling my own intellect. As if her noise was the only noise. As if her noise was enlightened. Enlightenment comes and goes, and it seems only relative to the time that has passed since its last appearance. Maybe by the time she finished thrusting the words and her finger at me, she would realize her mistake in thinking her first words were so important. Importance is also a relative term, held by those who don't believe in correction. I believe in correction, and error, and the continual cycle of the two that makes life worth sticking around for. Much can be learned from just sticking around. For it is those who say the least that have the least amount to explain. I have never respected those who ask for constant explanation. I didn't owe it to her. What did she want me to explain — my disinterest in her familiar noise, or how someone like me could ignore someone like her? The latter question is what frightens me. Who decides when she is someone like her? Not me. Not anyone else. So in telling me what she thinks I should think, she is really just slapping me hard across the space. The space between us that separates us, but inevitably draws me back to her. Life would me much easier without any noise at all. But then again, easier can't satisfy everyone.





Emily Hassell

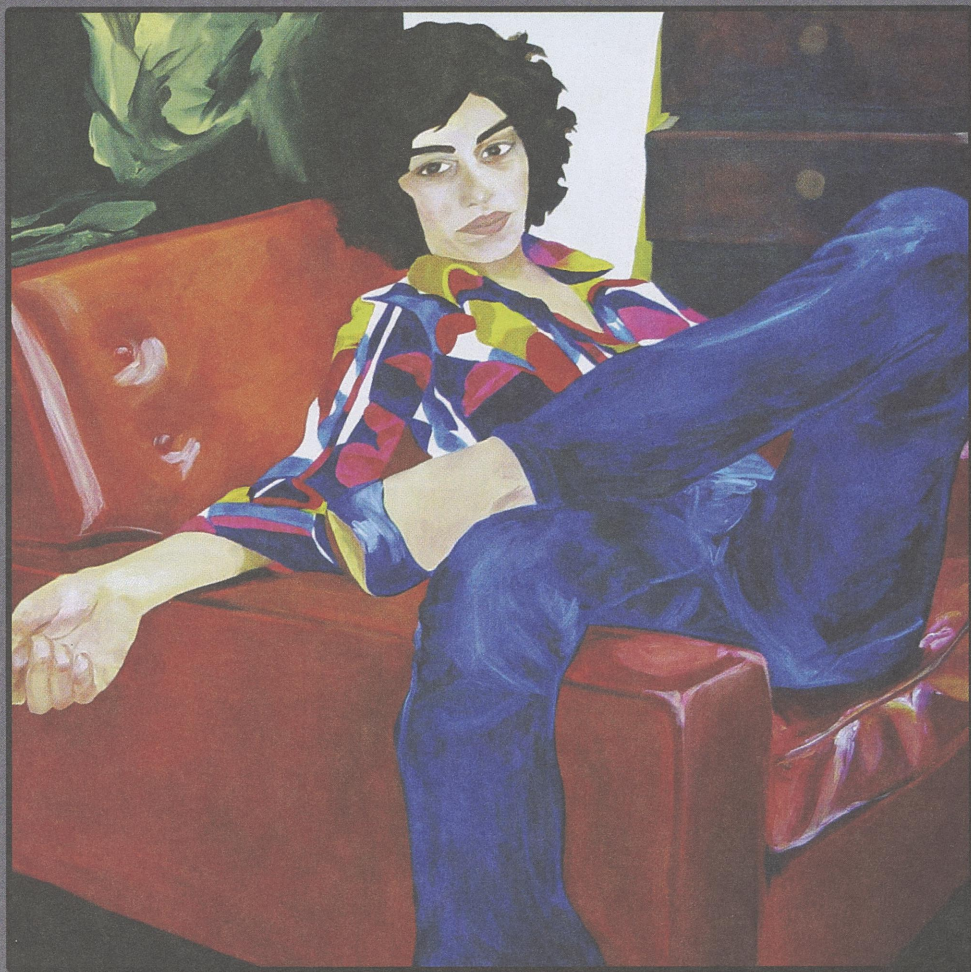
After First Swell

Catherine Oman

Adoration is accepting of faults,
Yet perfectly imperfect it remains,
And in the recesses of the mind's vaults,
Ev'ry flaw is counted worthy of praise.
In sweet love words have depth and dimension;
A lover's bed is laden with more than sweat.
The afterglow is no frail fruition,
But two souls wandering equally met.

If twain be truly tethered to the tide
That is the madness of profound ardor,
The waves will never be wont to preside
O'er the shore in a flood of rash rancor.
Love exists after first swell of passion,
And passion endures in its own fashion.





Kelly Diehl

I Want to Play

Whitney Downs

I want to play.
Play hard.
Not just watch the others,
Or step in when I want,
But play.

Make myself uncomfortable.

I want to be aware.
So aware.
Not just conscious,
Or outwardly prepared,
But aware.

Make myself approachable.

I want to live.
Really live.
Not just breath softly,
Or tread tenderly through time,
I want to live.





Lauren McKinney

I Came on the Wind

Annie Killian

I am the storm
Moving low on horizons
Heavy with rain
The deluge

Some who see me
Cry out in fear for I bring
Destruction, death,
The flood

The others cry
Out, too, but with joy and thanks
Water for the crops
Life-giver

I came on the wind
Not as reward or punishment
Not sent or called
Just blown

I came on the wind
I am change
I am life.

I am the seed
Carried to a new home
To take root and sprout
A dandelion

Some pull me out
Uprooted, thrown aside, for
I choke the roses:
A weed

The others pick me,
Too, but wearing a smile
Blowing my seeds with
A wish

I came on the wind
Not good or evil
Not right or wrong
Just being

I came on the wind
I am change
I am life.





Chelsea Grdísón

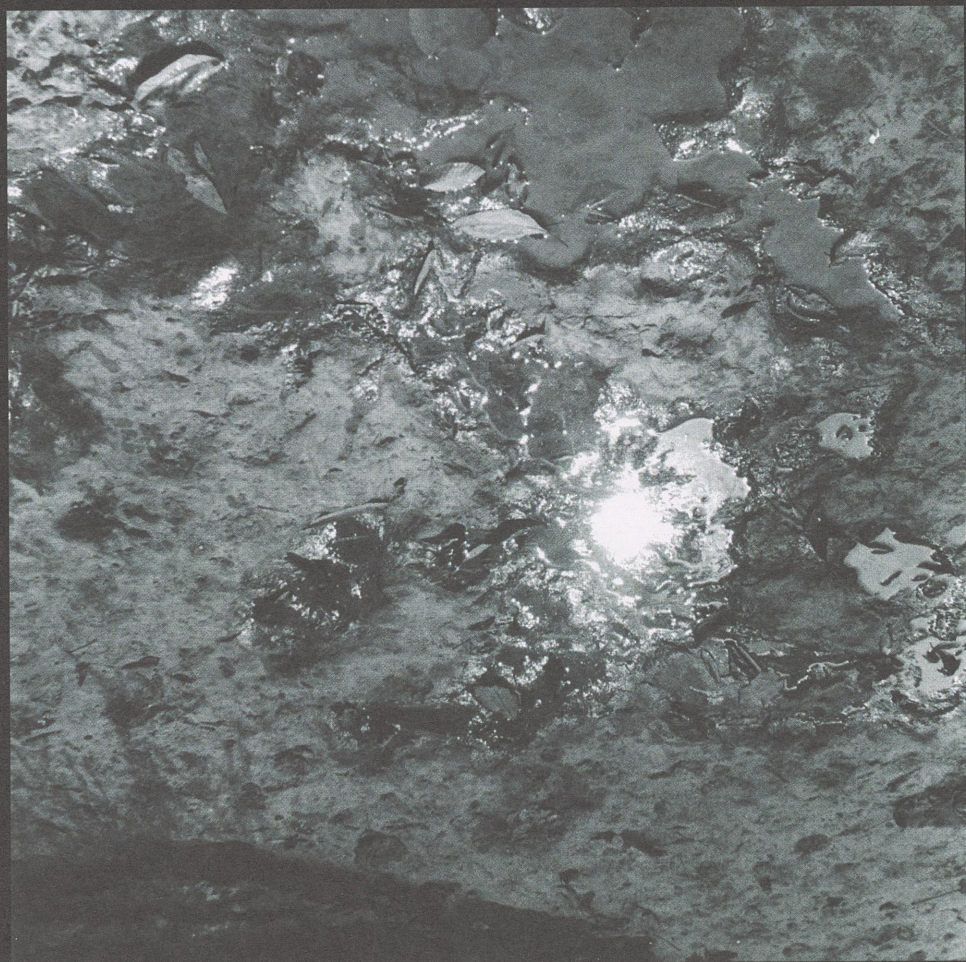
Watermarks

Victoria Schwab

I wish I were of sandy beach
And not of paper leaves,
That lie and trick and speak ideals,
And in their books deceive,
Convince that happiness exists
If heart can stretch so far,
And whisper nothing of stained cheeks
Or ever-sodden scars.
If I were of ocean's edge,
The marks would thus dissolve
And be but momentary tears,
Would flood but not resolve

My state, and I would be unmoved
By the impact of the waves,
Dismissed as transitory touch.
But being of a novel page,
I find myself a tethered slave
To tears and tides and traced paths
And do not recover as the sandy shore
But instead taste cruel wrath
Of trusting hands and lured hearts.
A soul like sand could withstand
The waves, but paper minds
Hold watermarks, hold memories.





Lindy Johnson

Mother

Claire Berry

I flew off the handle
Because you accused me of "losing my sense of beauty"
(I'm a wreck lately, all temper and tears).
Anyway, my refute was pure acid
And it burns in my mouth even now.

Just as the master humbles the warrior,
You humble me.
You do the dishes, the ironing in silence,
But I feel as if you are ransacking the chambers of my heart;
Why do you practice it,
This cruel art,
And must you pass it to me?
I never want to press that barb
On anyone —
But I already do —
Mother —
I'm standing in the laundry room door,
Watching you iron,
Turning, silent, into my room,
Where I'm trying to write this evil out.





Whitney Hayden



Jaelyn Kireyczuk

La Vie Perdue



Warped and Twisted

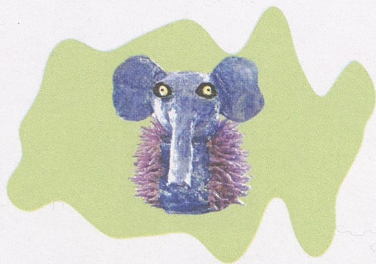
Anne Laurence Chenery

Harsh words and violent blows
Hidden secrets nobody knows
Eyes are open, hands are fisted
Deep inside I'm warped and twisted

So many tricks and so many lies
Too many whens and too many whys
Nobody's special, nobody's gifted
It's just me, I'm warped and twisted

Sleeping awake and choking on a dream
Listening loudly to a silent scream
Call my mind, the number's unlisted
Lost in someone so warped and twisted

Burnt out, wasted, empty, and hollow
Today's yesterday's tomorrow
The sun died out, the ashes sifted
I'm still here, warped and twisted.





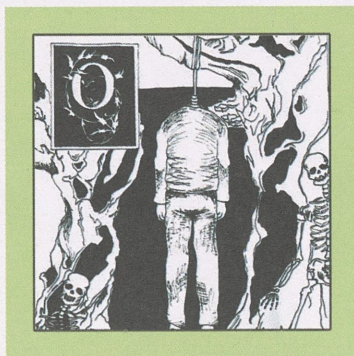
Laura Davis

So the Wheel Turns

Anne Laurence Chenery

So the wheel turns,
So the baby cries,
So the ashes shift,
So life begins and
Ends in a final snap of the jaw
The canary's cry drowned out
Muffled by the cat's throat.
So you beat
Harder, faster,
Drowning out the dog's barks
Drowning out the canary's final cry
Made in agonizing desperation.
So you thrive
Wrap your tendrils
Your long, lean arms
Wrap them around and hold tight,
Tighter than you would a life support
With hundreds of sharks snapping
At your dangling legs of bait.
Drowning.
Drowning her unknowingly in the depth
The darkest corners of her existence
The darkest, coolest corners of the walk in meat freezers,
Now come to light.
Shine.
Shine bright for you.
[They hope for you.]

Kneeling, bowing down, submitting
The final act of obedience.
Yours, in one word.
“Only say the word and I shall be healed.”
Speak only once
Never hold your peace.
Wreak havoc continually upon broken shards
Of glass, wracking the city walls
Breaking down the barriers, the car
Smashes through it.
Smashes through it, breaking it and suddenly
Free. Freedom of reality.
The taste of freedom not yet bittered by the tongue
And again metal collides, bending
Breaking into death. Death smells foul.
Foul at the entrance of your nostril
Poisoning you in your final act of desperation.
Tasting of your own bile
The bile you coughed up that night
Coughed it up in your own desperation
For wanting to be alive.
Wanting the light to warm your creases.



Kelly Díehl

The Lady in Flat 53B

Victoria Schwab

The table's always set for two
But there is still no sign of you
And the candle's down to dregs and ash
And the clock is tired, working fast
To make its rounds, the evening's passed
And it was such a lovely night.

I wish you could have been here,
To see the sun set through the trees
The way it does from on my balcony.
I would have shared my drink
With you.

And blushing, "Don't you like these pearls?"
Or "this old thing" I'd mutter and twirl
As evening catches up my skirt.
"I wasn't expecting company"
Through painted lips and shadowed eyes.

Perhaps another night
The rusted bell will ring and you'll step in,
For a drink or two,
And watch the sun set through my trees,
And talk until the evening's passed
And the candle's only ashes.





Sarah Denson



Melissa McCord

Flesh & Spírit



Chocolat

Melissa Kim

My first Communion was not of a slab of bread
But of a religion
I could dissolve into
As it did to me.

The monks of Spain blessed the world
When they sang
In rich, silver-foil wrapped voices.
A lake considered sacred by this faith
As frozen as the heart of Scrooge
Is warmer than any winter's cider
Resting by the hearth.

Drizzle it onto your fingers in prayer —
The Holy Water by which you seek redemption
From sin.
Break your daily bread
If that is what you wish
To call it.





Molly McCullough

Twilight

Victoria Schwab

The end will be born of sighs at dusk.
The world will slump back in its chair
And reflect on the day that it has passed,
As the sun falls silently away to find peace
Within the folds of its horizon.

It will be drowsy air, exhaled on the verge
Of sleep, the last breath against a flickering candle,
Leaving only swirls of smoke in memory
Of all the warmth and color of the flame.





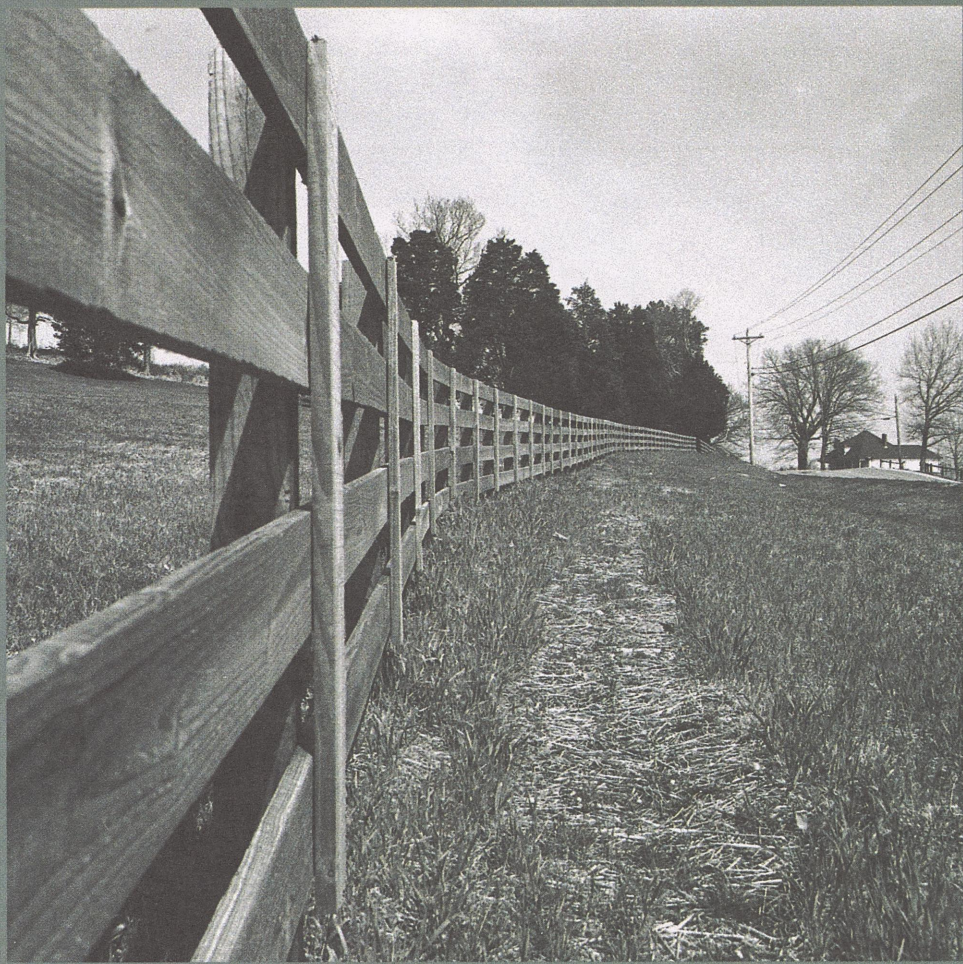
Mary Ross Bryant

AfterLife

Victoria Schwab

To dictate death's restriction instead of its release
What right have men to utter what waits beyond decease?
To define what follows life, men cannot use mere words
And hope to win a fight not won by muscle, might or swords.
The language of the knowledge that tells of "after all"
Is not the one you see or hear, but that learned on with the fall.
Fall in truest sense, as the time before the snow,
For what we're given as example must replace what we don't know.
This world is cyclical: things live and die and live again.
Why should the heavens distinguish between the nature and the men?
But if you believe in heaven or in nothing or in fate,
The only way to know for sure, is to live, and die, and wait.





Cameron Sweeting

From Midway Airport

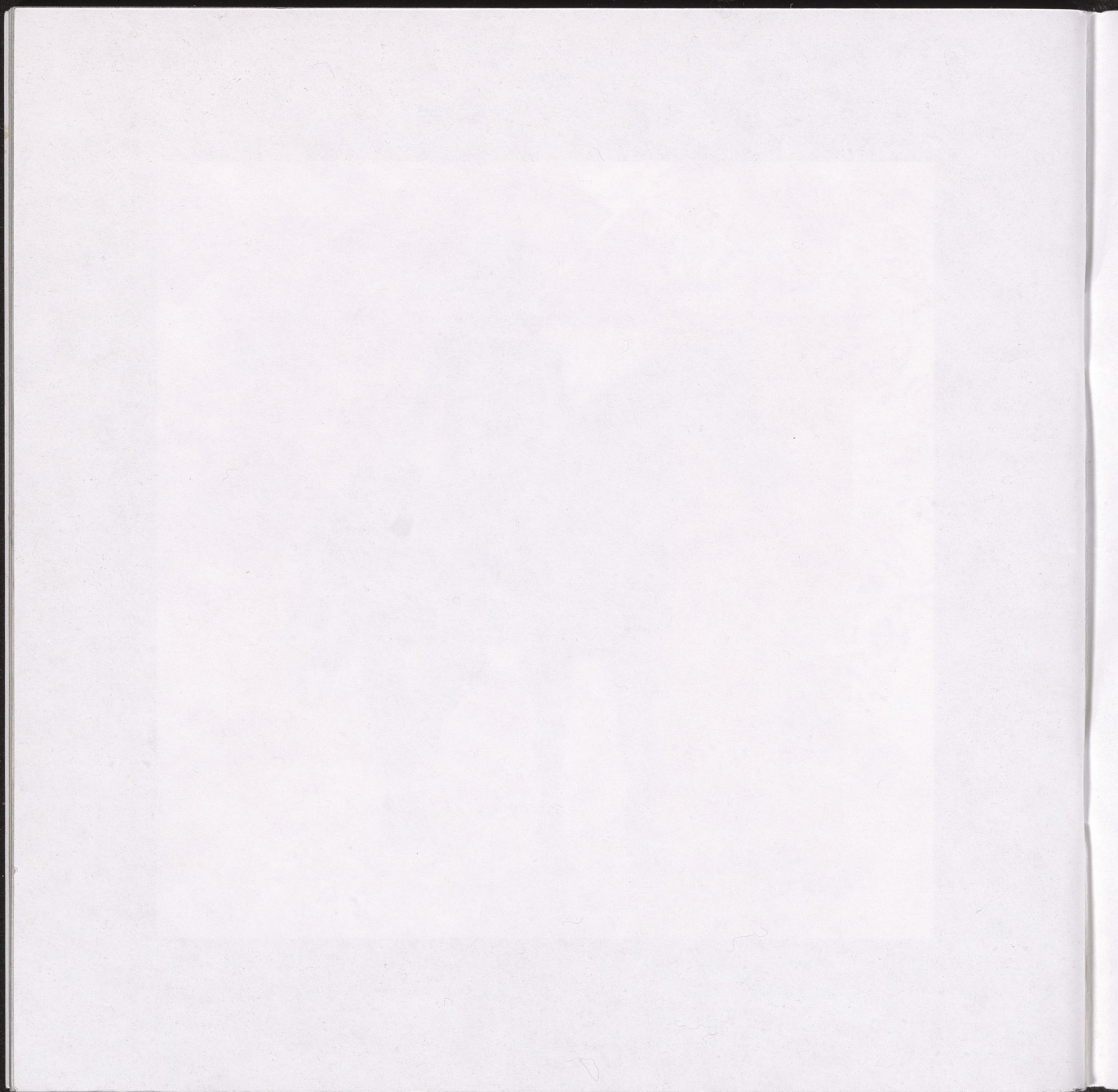
Claire Berry

And a deeper communion of men is learned young,
The way children smile when smiled at
Is welcome assurance is the essential irrationality of love —
As whatever good is in you
Greets the deeper good —
I fear a world without mothers,
I fear a world without gods,
Silent as they are —





Claire Berry



Hallmarks Staff

Claire Berry
Anne Laurence Chenery
Sarah Denson
Kelly Diehl
Whitney Downs
Kate Gregory
Emily Hassell
Becca Hill
Victoria Schwab
Allison Wiseman
Grace Wright

Faculty Sponsors

Joe and Denise Croker

a poem by
Alexandra Guillen

Superbowl Fever
Wings, fries, beer
Time for Tums

